



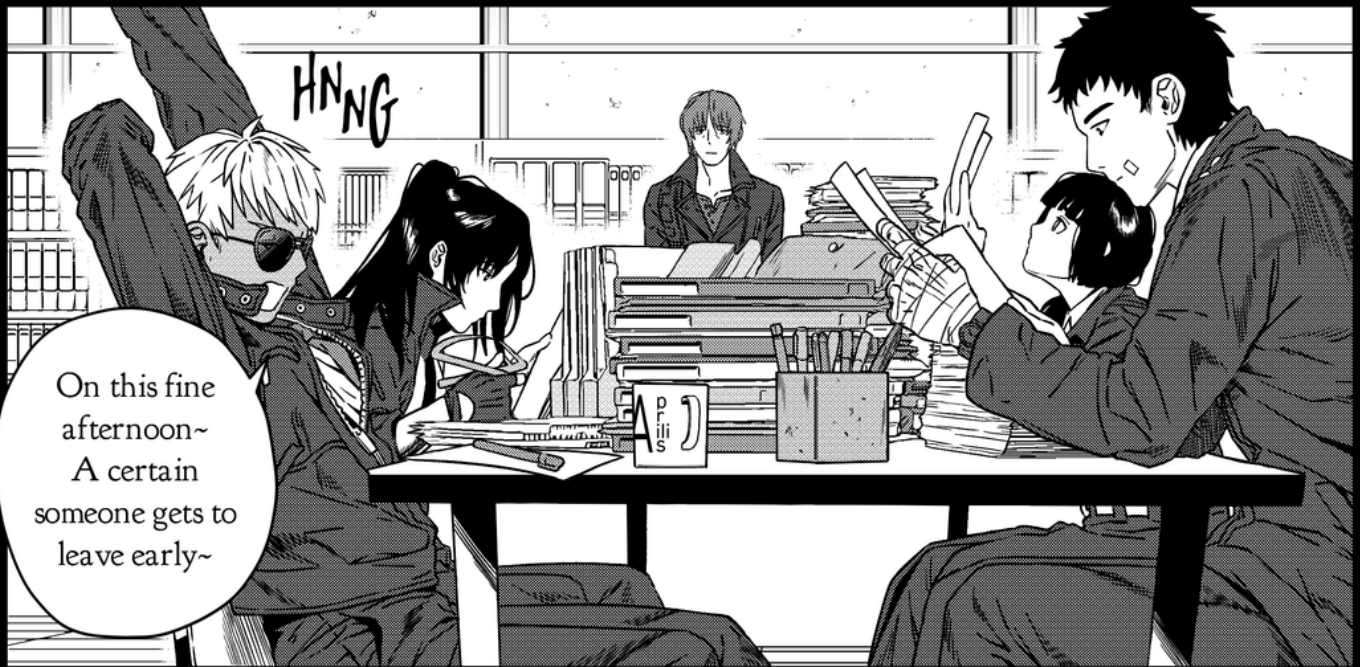


Privileged much,  
dear boss?  
Man, I'm jealous~

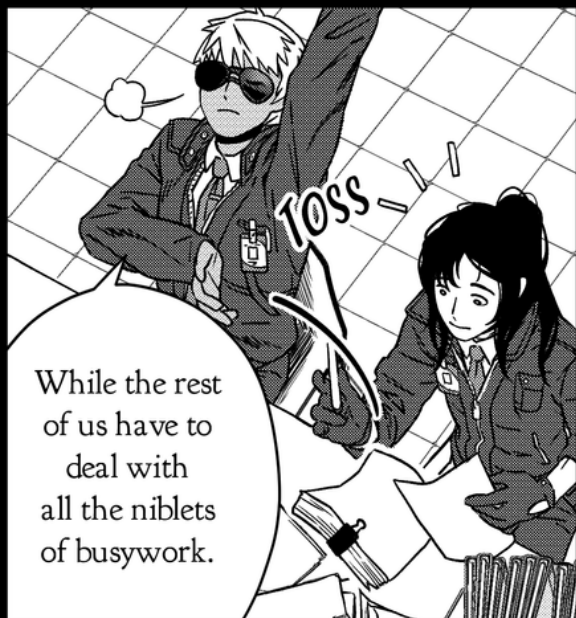
TAP

CREAK





On this fine  
afternoon~  
A certain  
someone gets to  
leave early~



While the rest  
of us have to  
deal with  
all the niblets  
of busywork.



*What's your  
problem?!*

*Where'd you  
think you're  
chuckin' that  
paper, eh?!*

We've got to let  
this one slide.  
Our operator has  
kids waiting  
for him.

*O-ow!  
C'mon, big guy!  
It ain't fair to  
throw it right  
back at me!*

Unlike you,  
Denvie.  
No one's waiting  
at your place.





*But of course there are~*

*Why wouldn't there~?*



*My wuvely widdle babies!*



People usually don't treat tinted glasses as their children.



*Pshaw, you dunno what's up. Y'know, I clean them spotless every night an—*

*Gah...*

I get the message. I'll cover for you if you all ever happen to be busy, so you can stop complaining.



Gee, makes it sound like we're harpin' at you! No sweat, dear boss~

Did already

Just grab the goodies for the kids.



*Right, wait a hot sec~! C'mere for a moment before you go.*









I get the other stuff... but why an apple?

It's for wishin' folks a peaceful night, more or less.

I've never heard that apples meant such a thing. Did you make it up just now?

Ain't anythin' like that, so just take it!

T'was a tradition to gift apples on the eve back in District 8.

SHOVE

Now, now. 'Nuff questions! Long-missed bonding between workmates is nice and all, but...

"Santa" has places to be, so we'd better let him off~

It's getting dark, so take care on the way there.



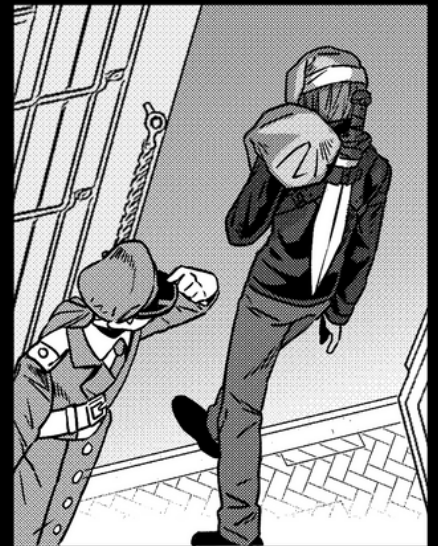
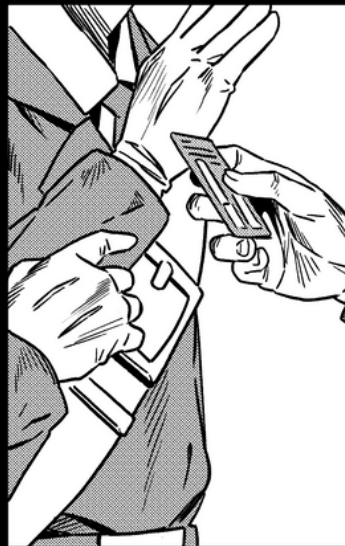
Tell the kiddos I said hello~!

CREAK

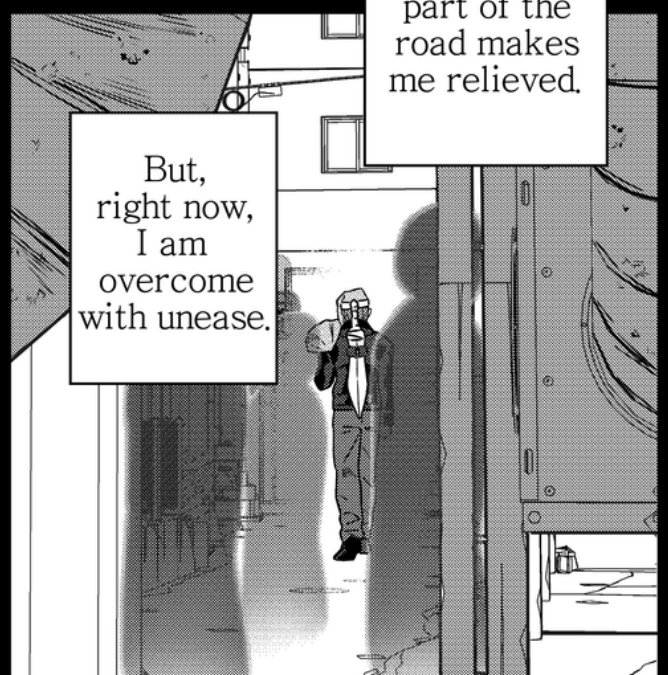
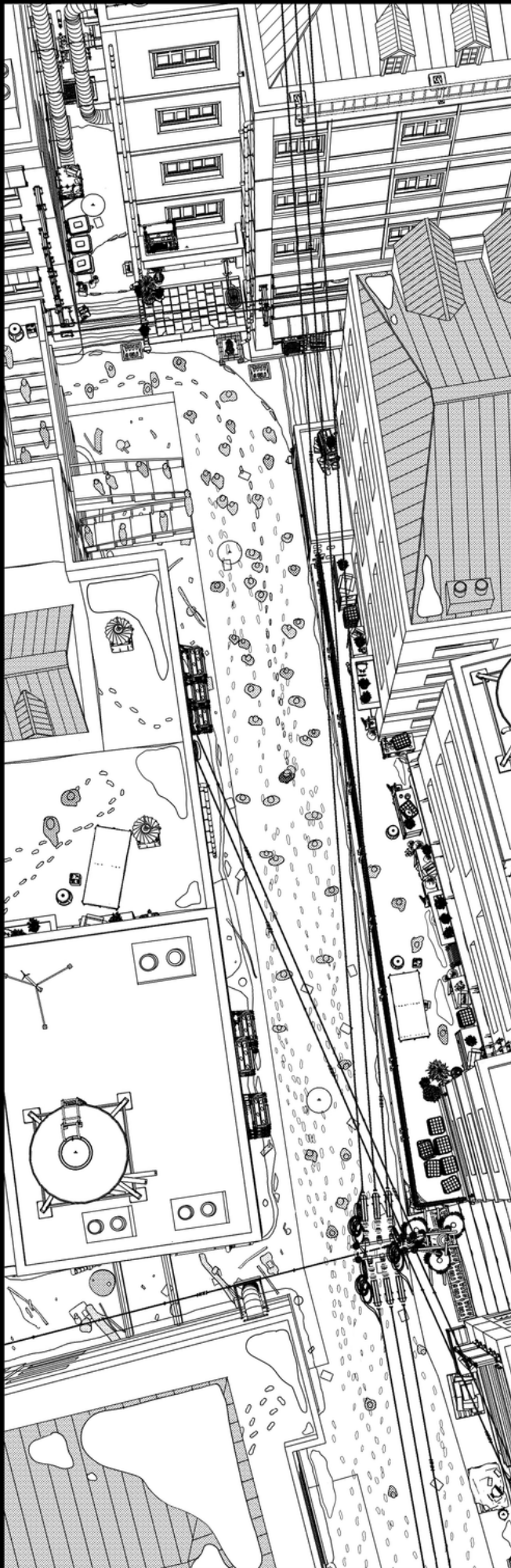
SHUT!



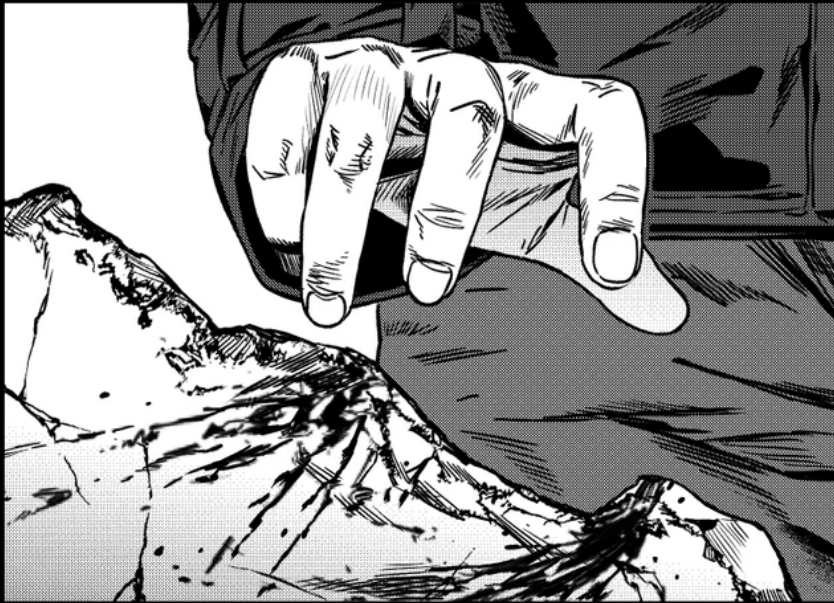




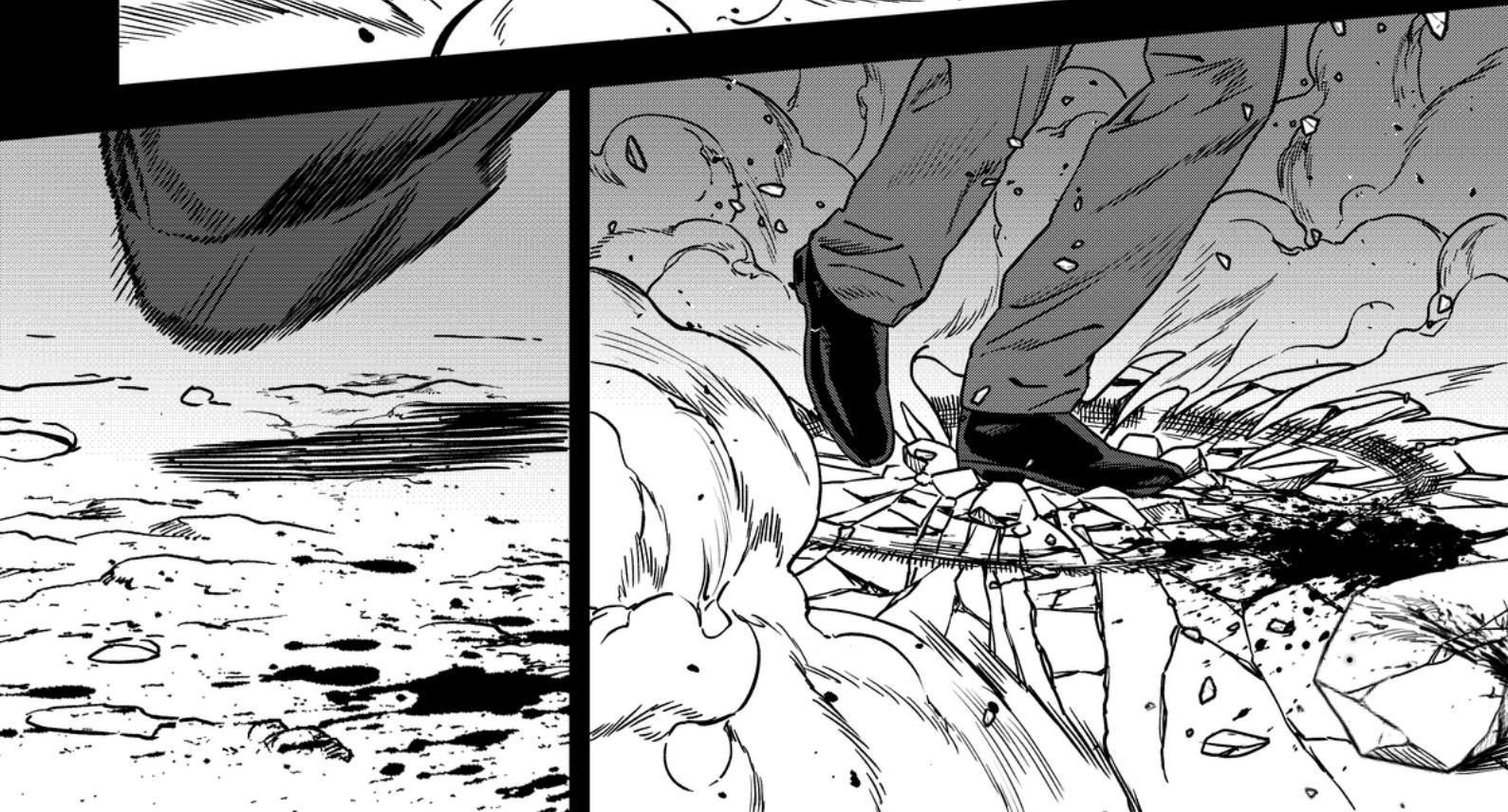








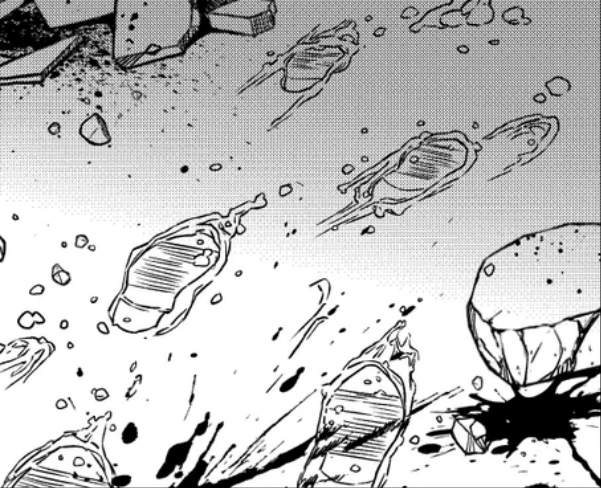




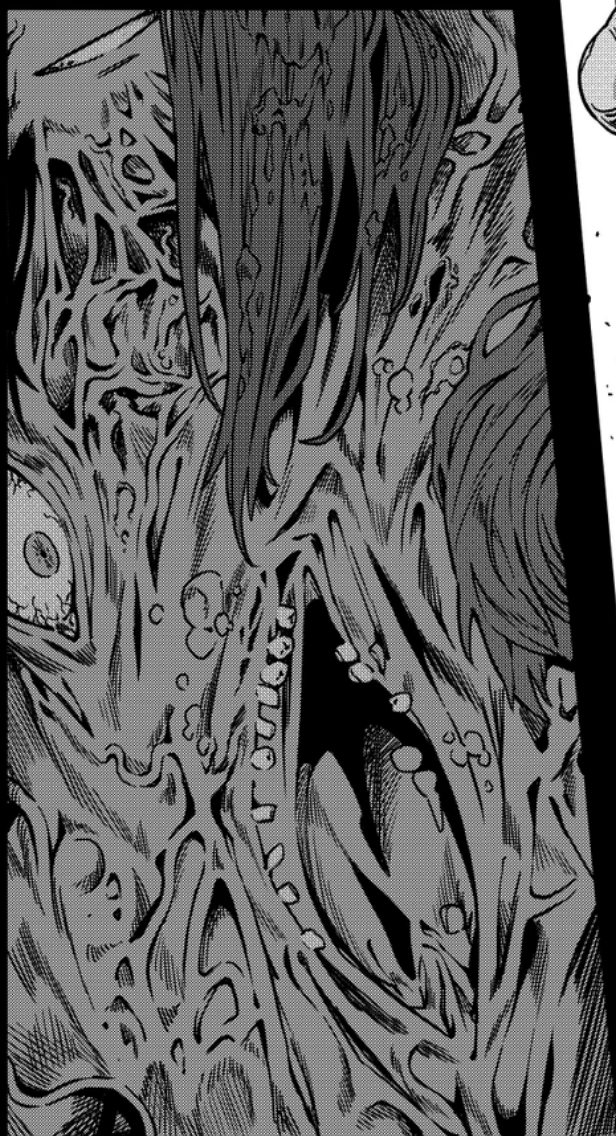
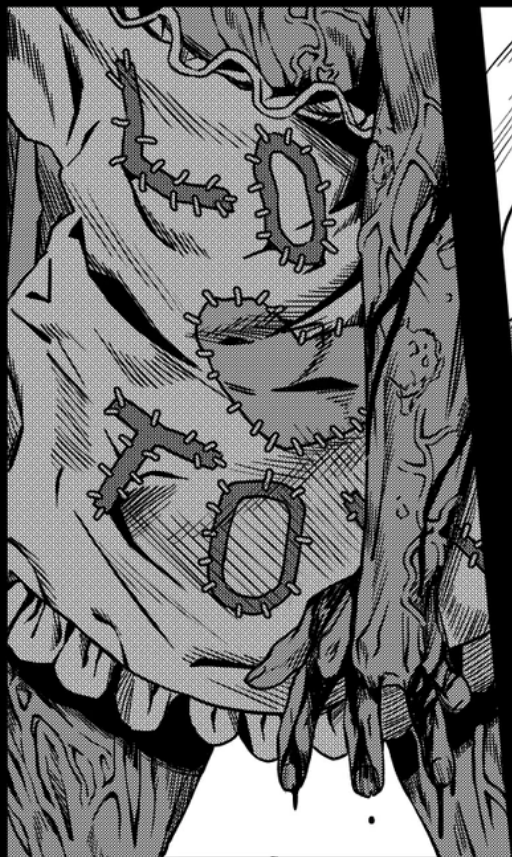




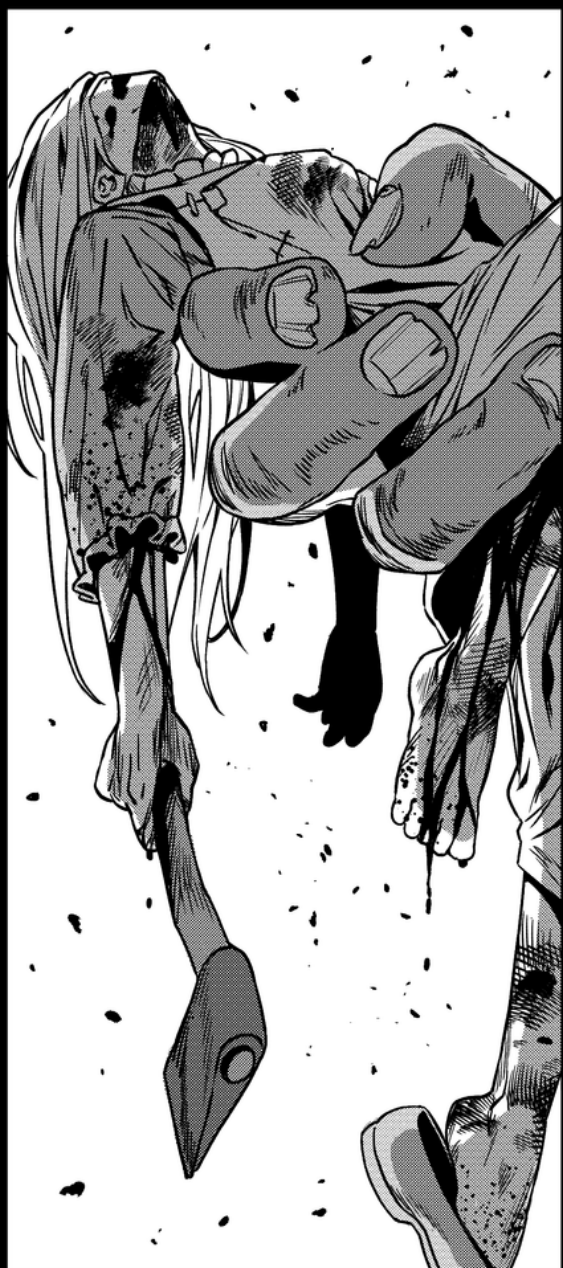
















SLASH

SH

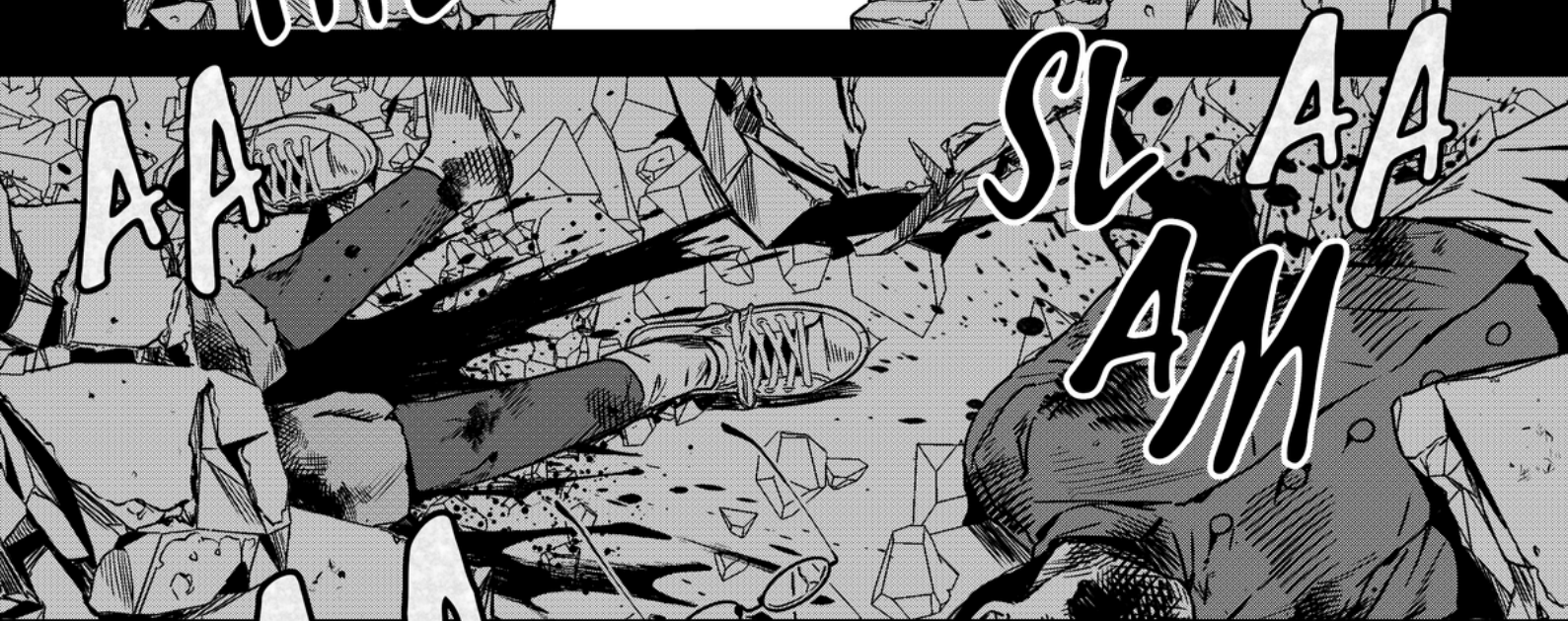
KII AA

AA

AA

AA









What now...

Just what  
is your  
business...



CLE  
NCH



...Was this  
your job?



Who, then...

Who gave you  
the order?

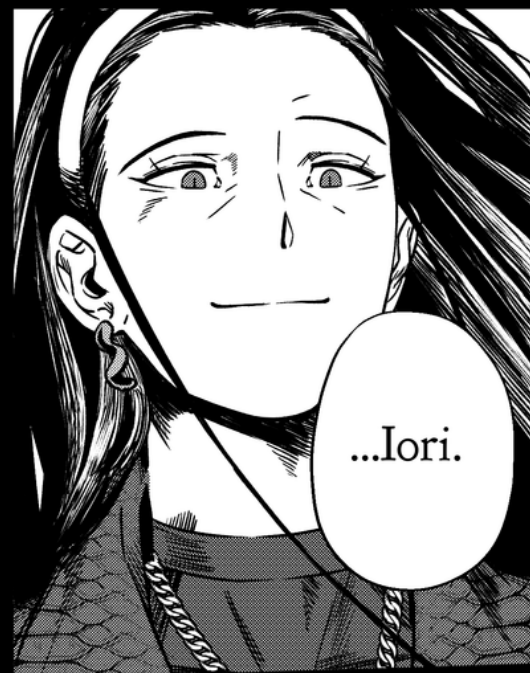


SW  
ISH

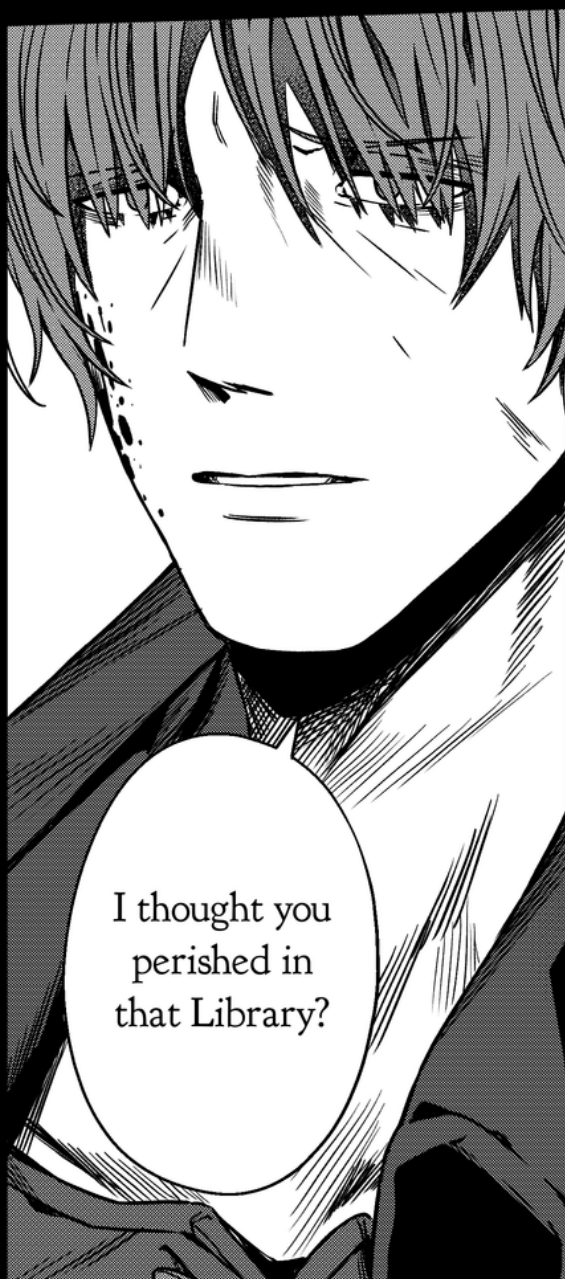








...Iori.




I thought you  
perished in  
that Library?




Don't ask me.  
The world is full  
of curious  
happenings,  
after all.

Just like how  
you've lost those  
little ones, and  
like how I  
coincidentally  
happen to need  
that child.





...What does that monster have to do with your search for your son?




So you knew, yet stood on the sidelines. How typical...

All pieces have their place...  
Not like that's of your concern, though, hm?



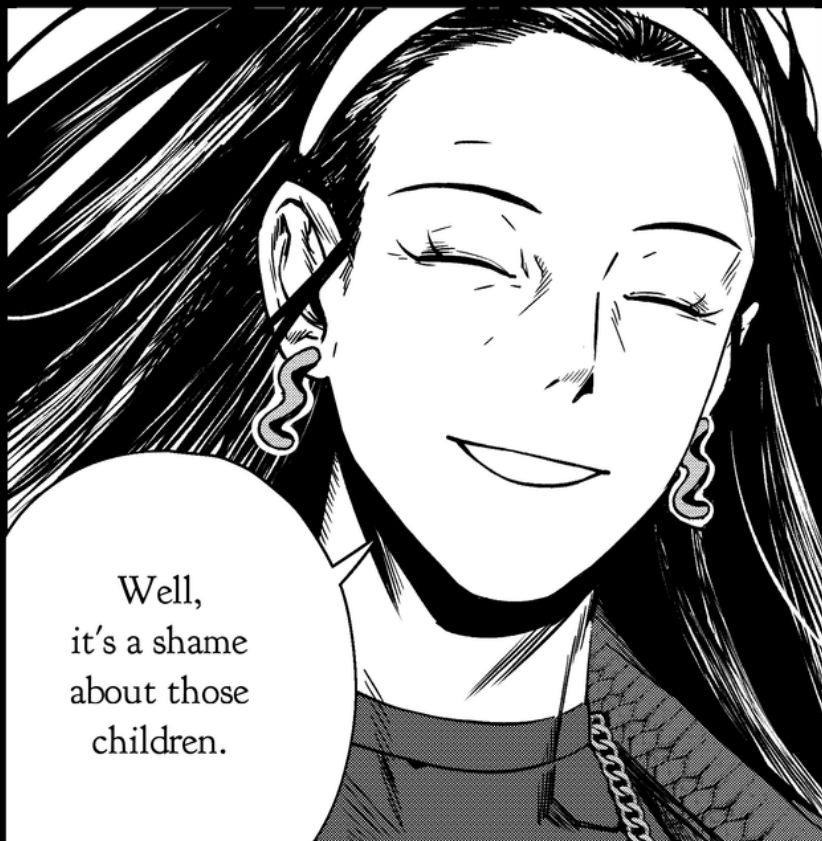
CLF  
NGH



And now you've dragged me into your little game.

GRIT





Well,  
it's a shame  
about those  
children.



You'd agree, no?  
*Red Gaze.*



That's one less  
pretense for  
you to wear.



T/N: The word meaning Gaze, “시선” (from 視線), is also the Korean homophonous reading of the characters “詩仙”, an epithet meaning “Immortal Poet”.





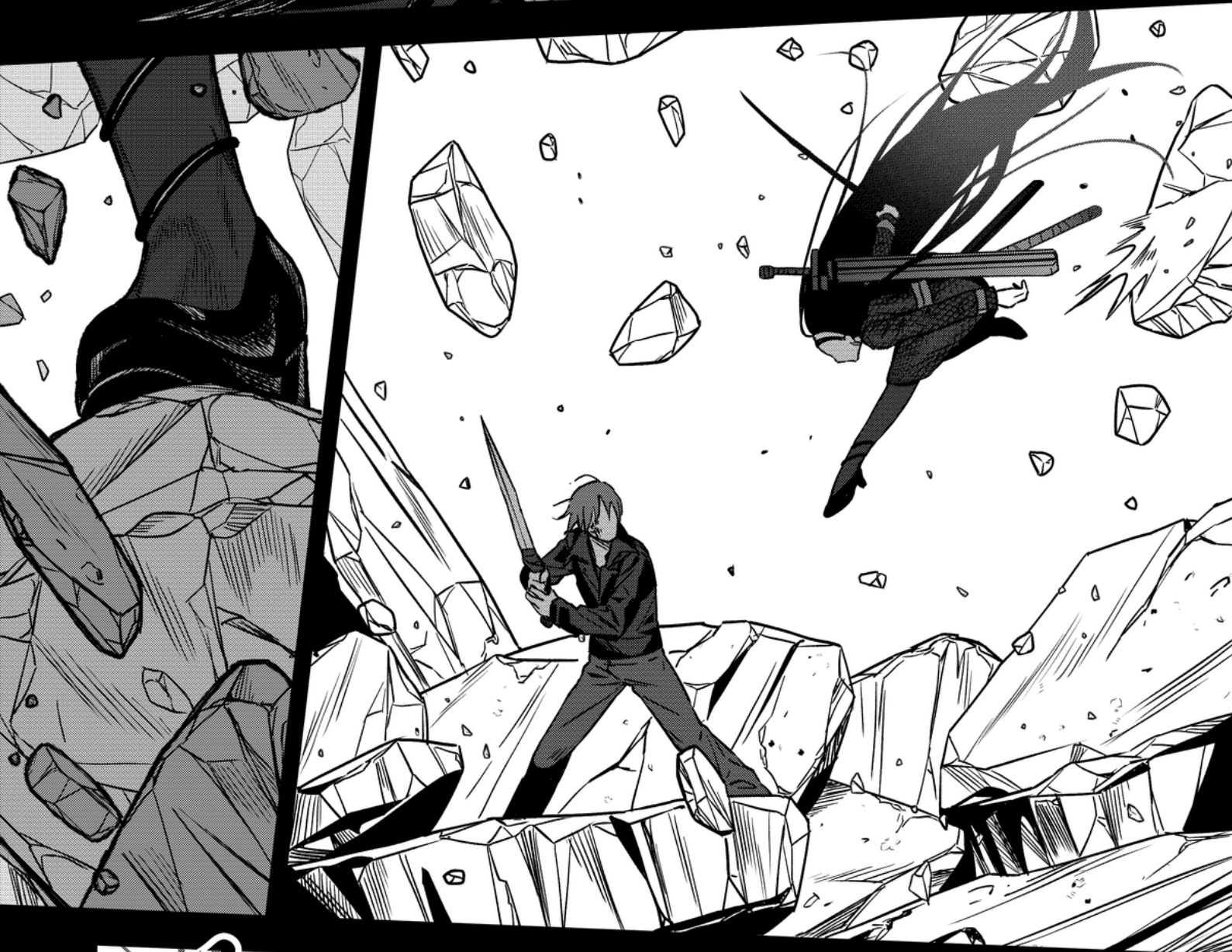




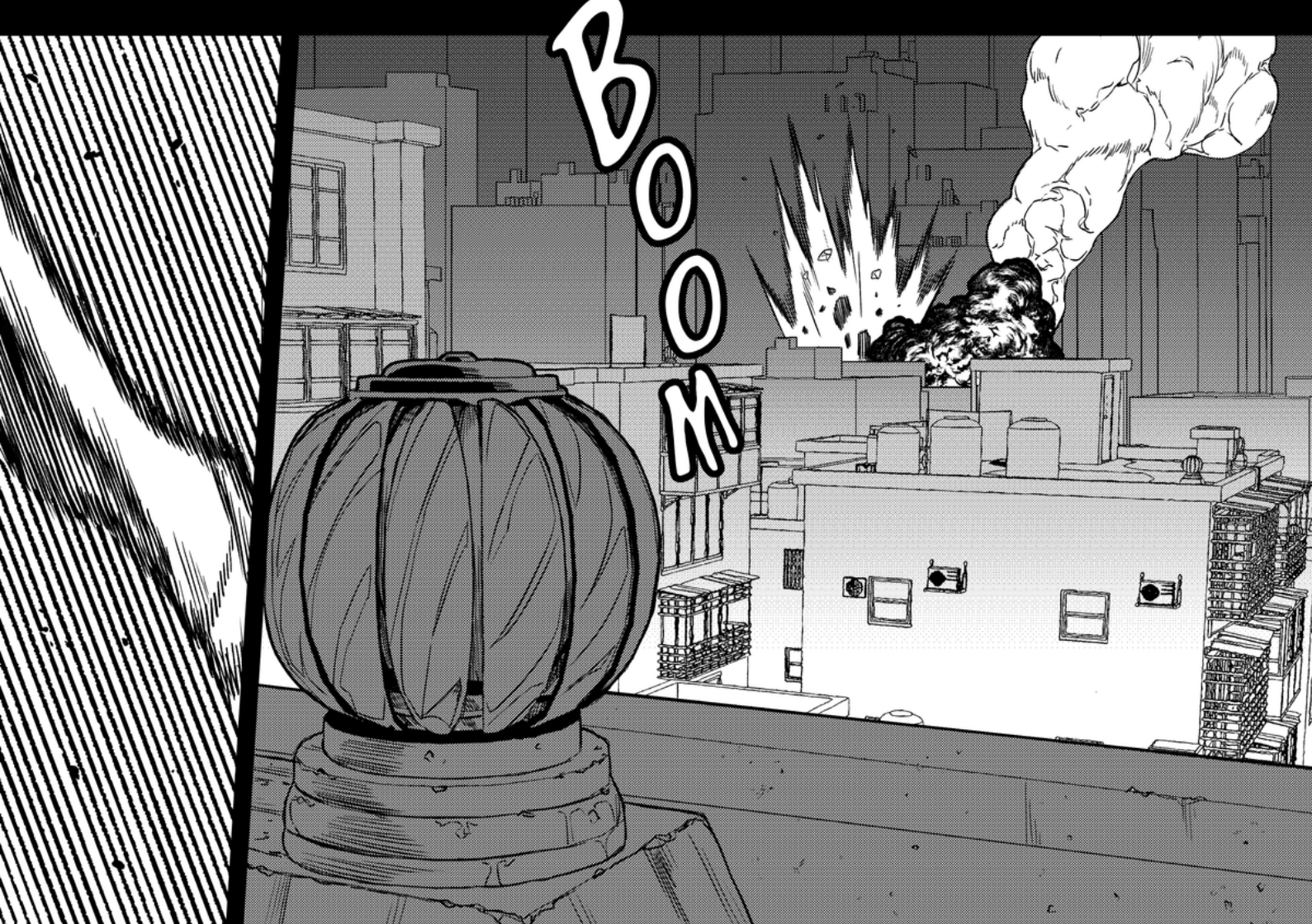




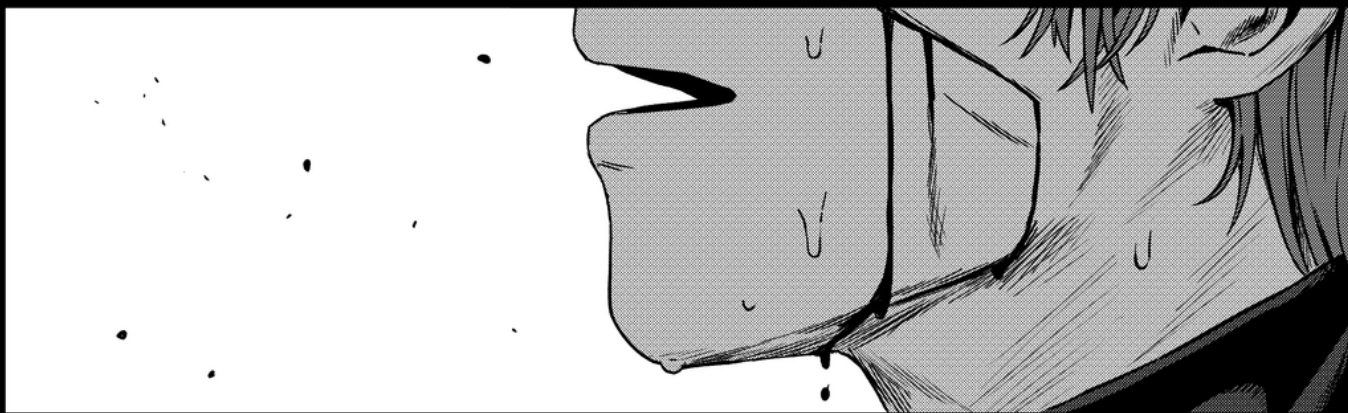
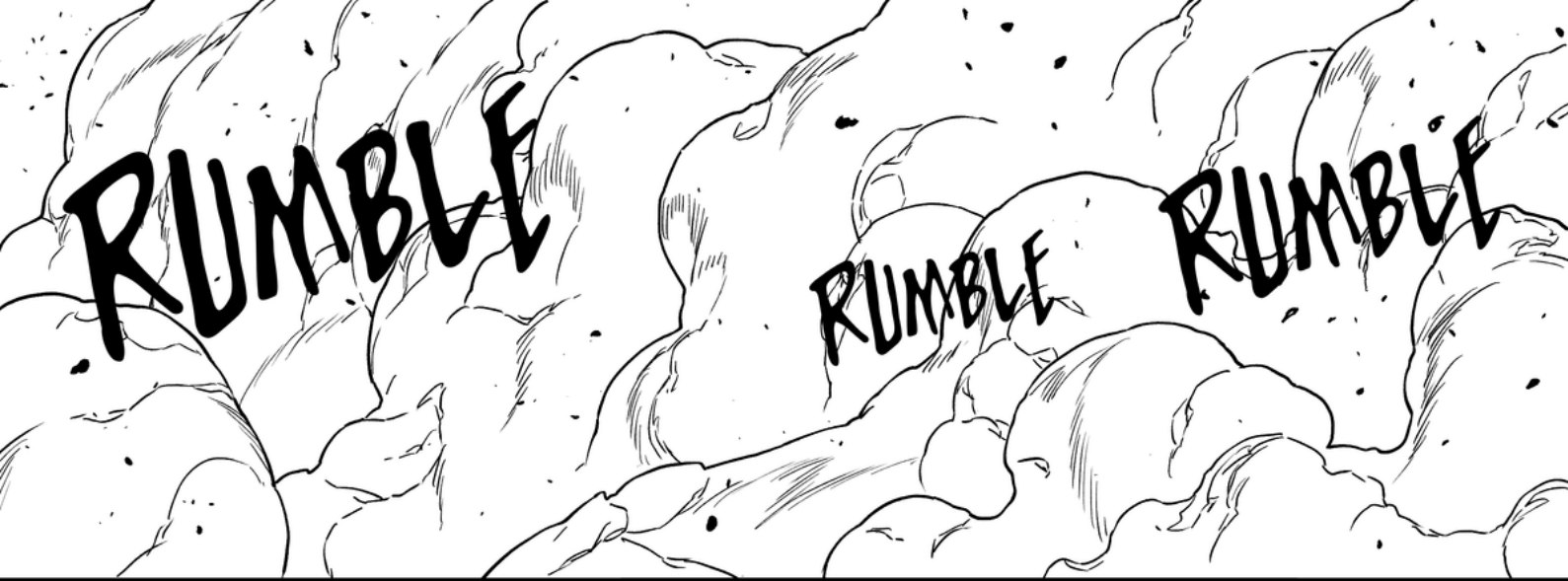




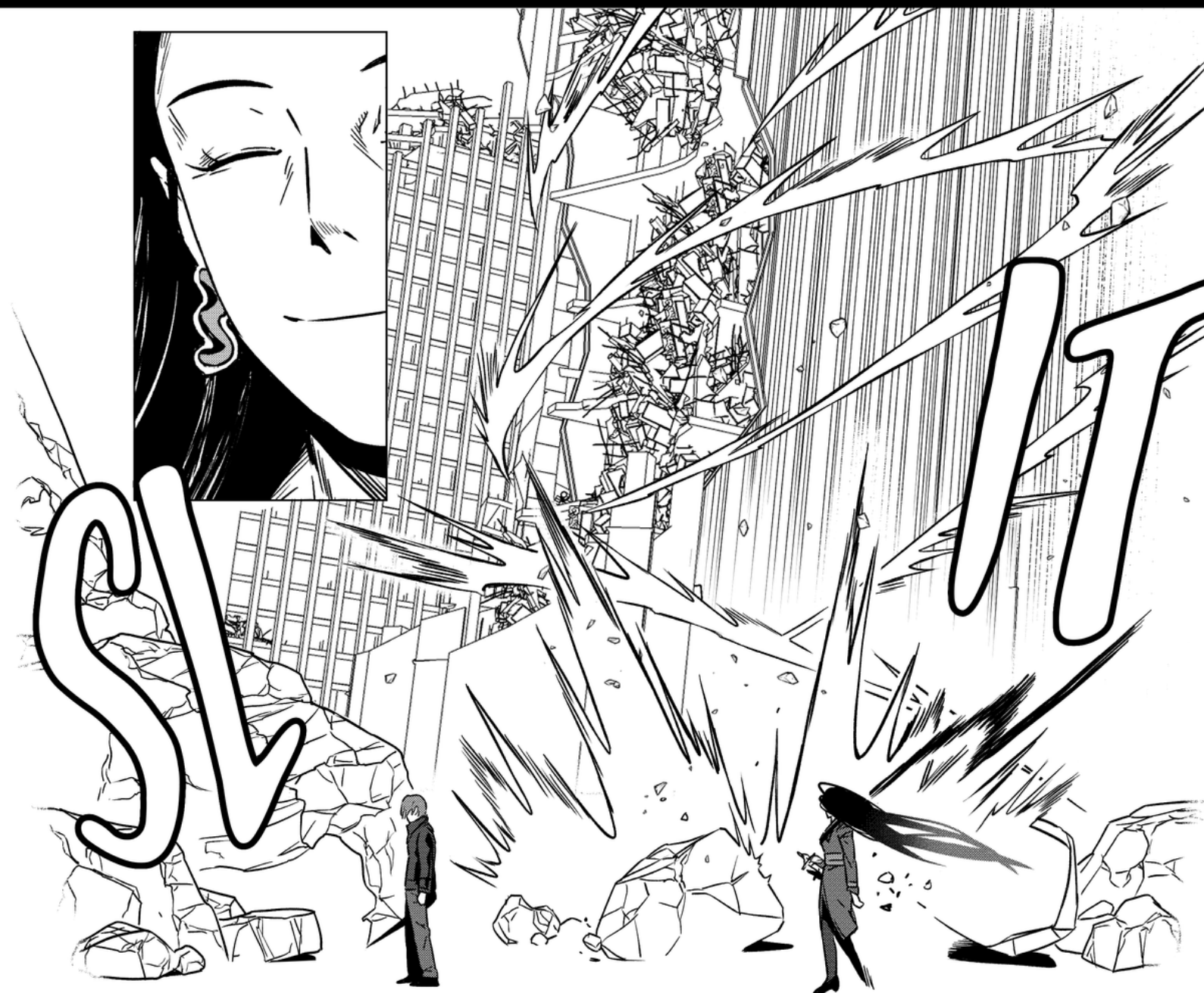




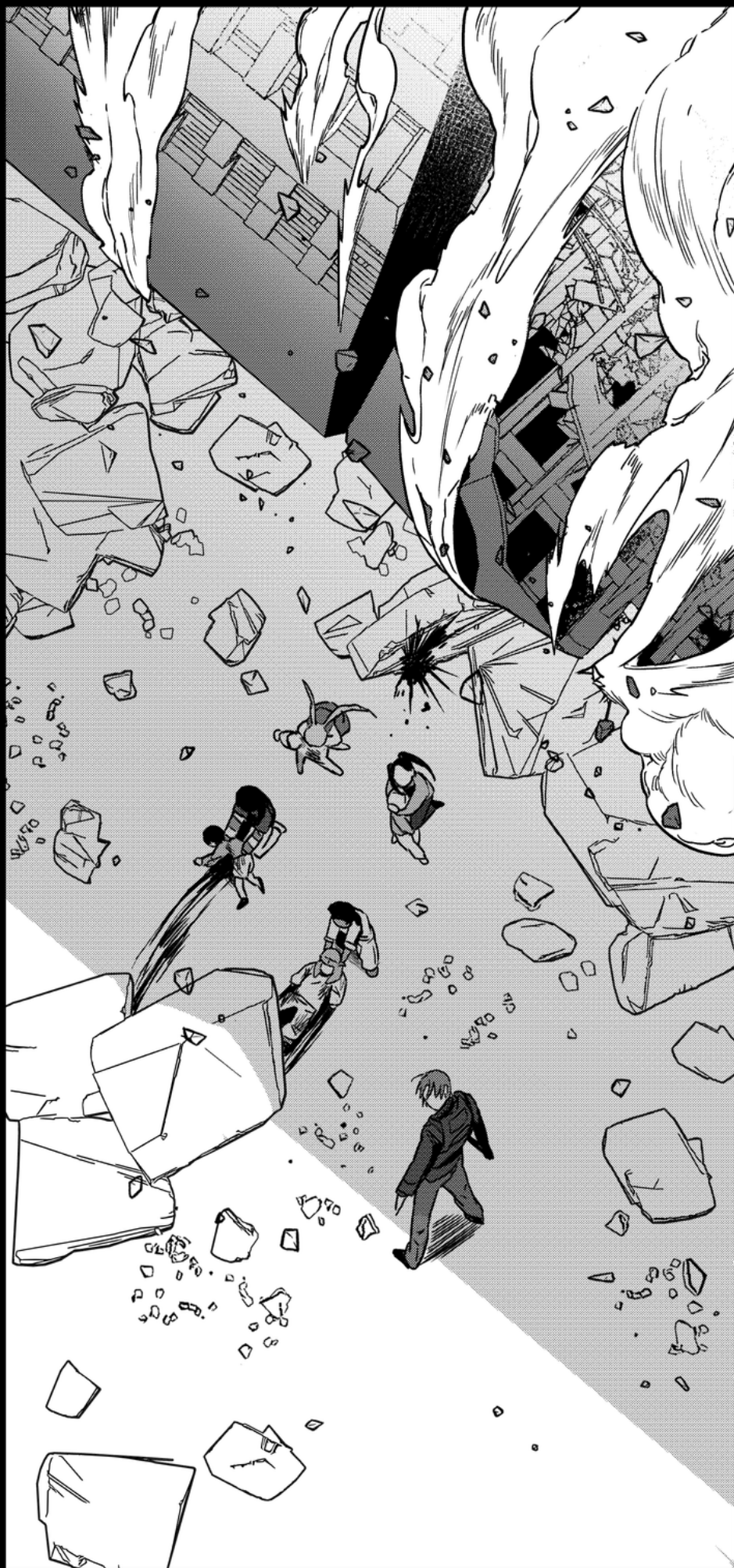






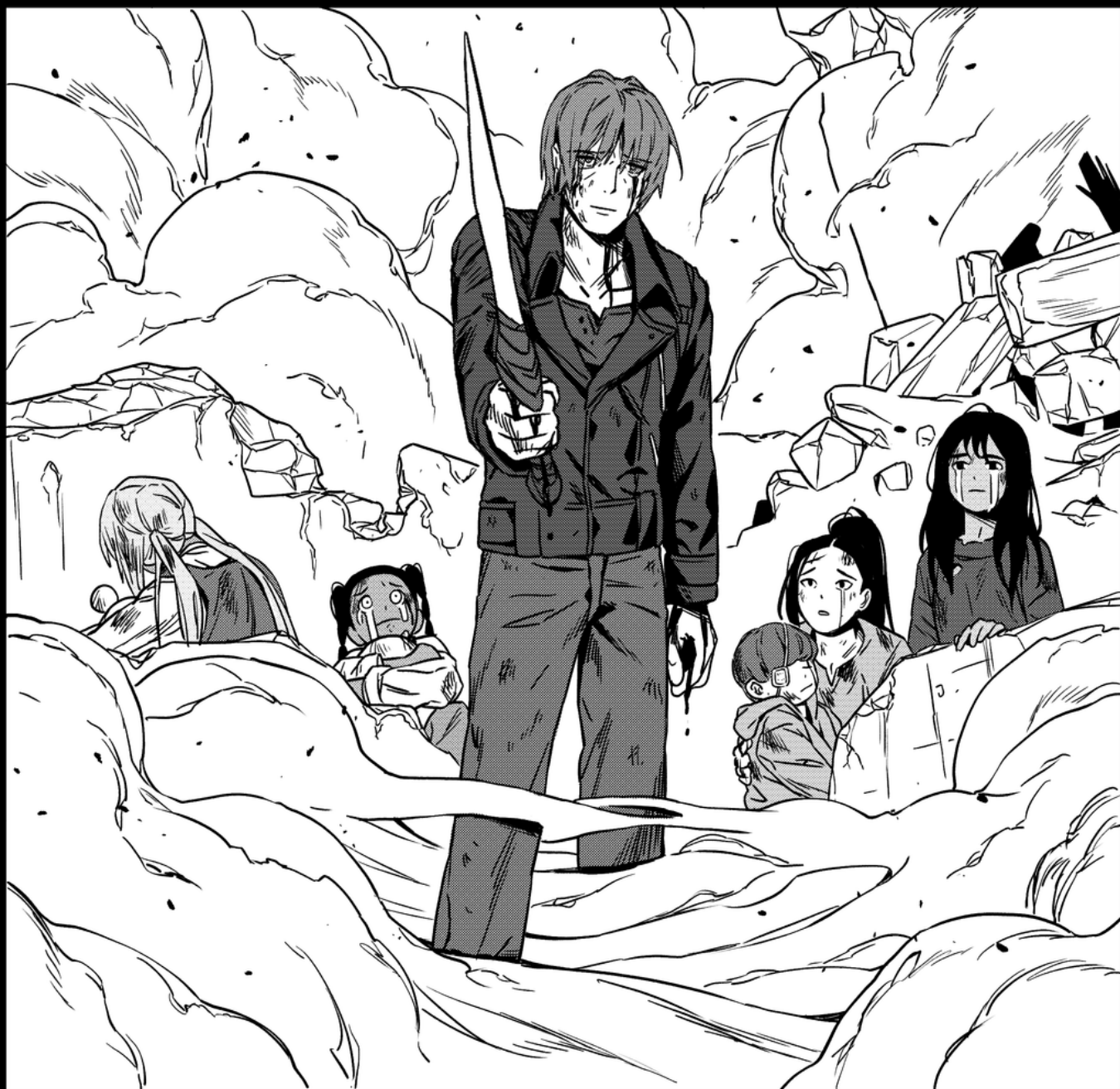
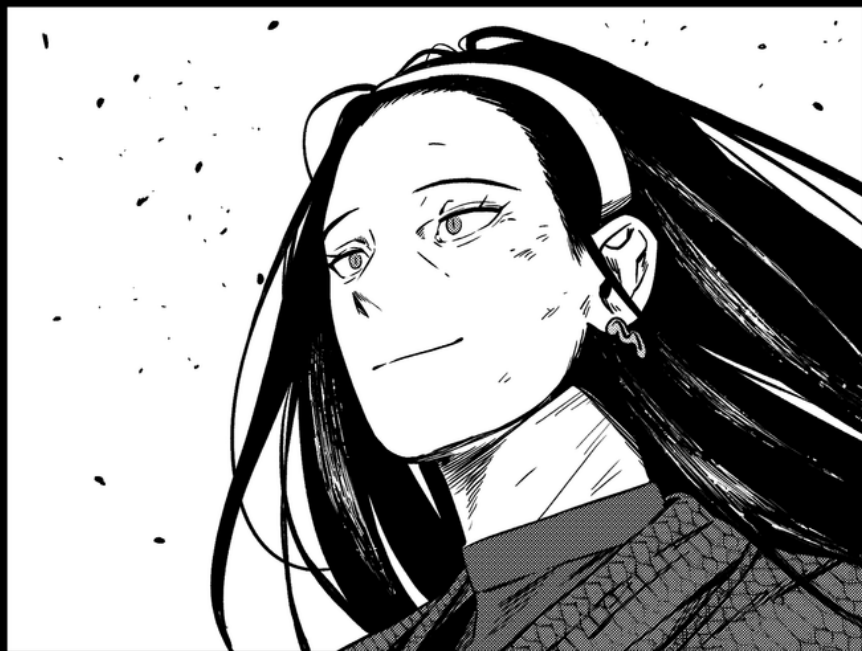


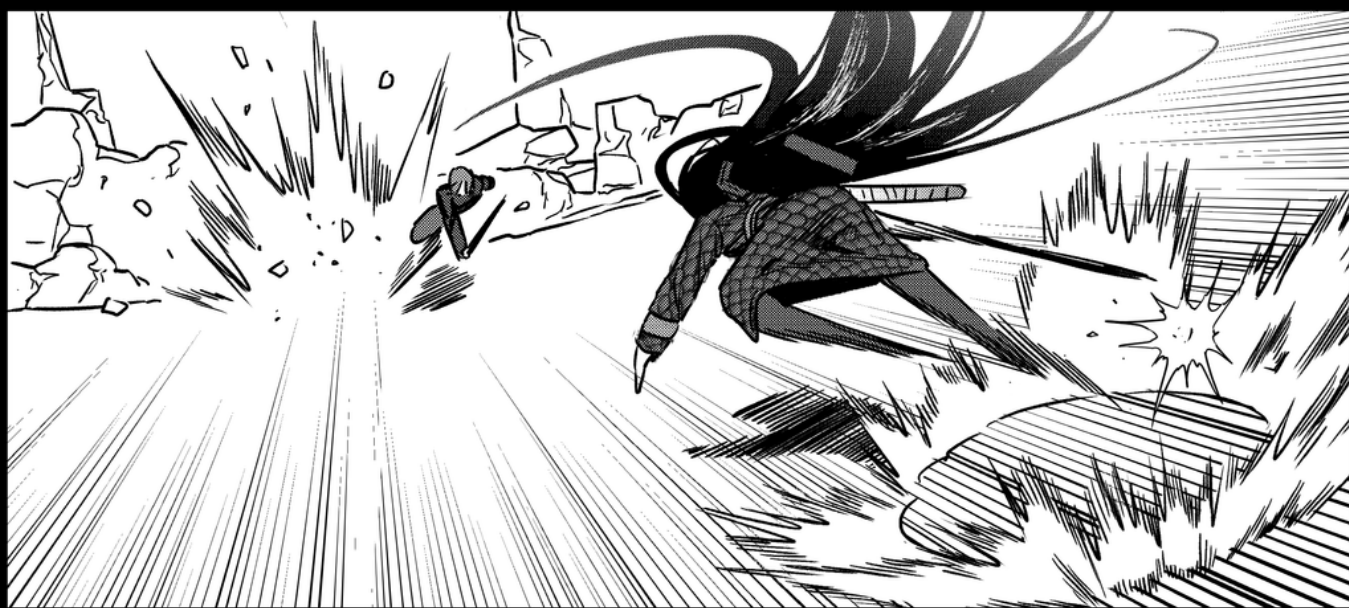
















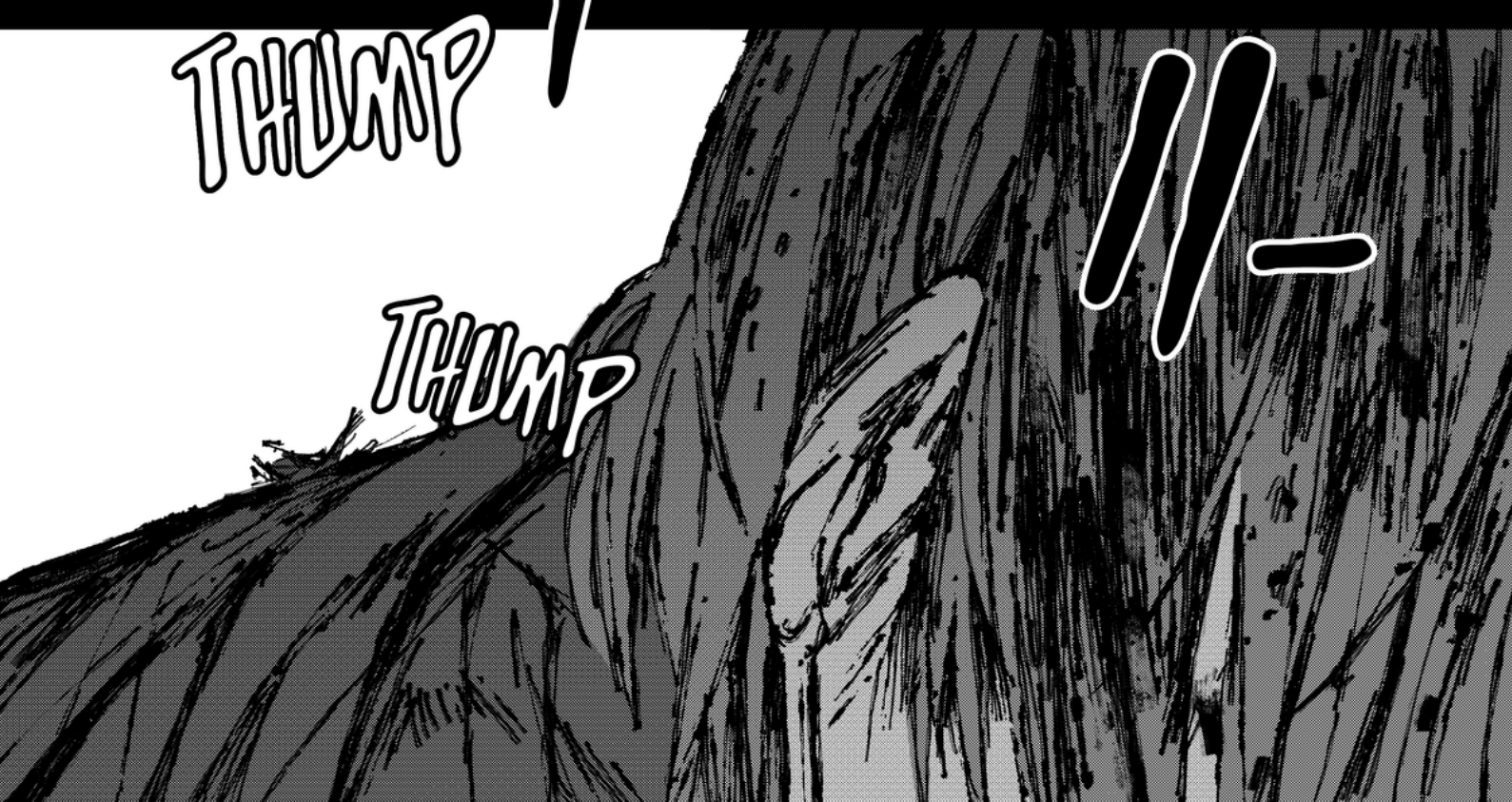
# CLANG

Come now,  
junior.

You know  
there's no point  
in dragging  
this out.







RI— THUMP

THUMP

WING—

